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CINDERELLA:  
—  
OR, THE FAIRY AND LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER;

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

PERFORMED BY THE

PYNE AND HARRISON

ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE.

MUSIC BY ROSSINI.

BOSTON:  
1855.

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# CINDERELLA.

**PERSONS REPRESENTED.**

# C I N D E R E L L A .

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## A C T I.

### SCENE I.—*The Fairy Haunt.*

#### CHORUS AND DANCE.

While sunbeams are glancing  
O'er meadow and mountain,  
Our revels we keep;  
Thus lightly still dancing  
Our own magic measure,  
Though sweeter our pleasure  
When mortals do sleep—  
Our mistress appears.

*The Fairy Queen enters in a car drawn by two swans.*

*Fairy Queen.* Obedient to my wishes ye have been,  
And soon your queen will recompense your faith.  
Go ye, and look adown the distant vale,  
And give us warning when a mortal's near,  
While to the rest, I'll tell our cause of union.

*First Fairy.* Speak mistress, we give ear.

*Fairy Queen.* To all unknown,  
I've been the guardian spirit of a maid,  
Whose happiness I vow'd, if she proved worthy,  
E'en from the time, when at her mother's prayer,  
I held the new-born infant at the font.  
The goodness of her nature has been tried  
By much of ill; yet she hath long years  
Of undeserved grief, with sweetest patience, endured.  
A cruel father and two heartless sisters  
Have still embittered all her youthful days;  
But now the period of her bliss is nigh,  
And with your aid, full happiness shall crown her.

*Second Fairy.* Command bright mistress we will all obey.

*Fairy Queen.* Ye hear the music of yon distant horn,  
Now wafted hither on the morning's breeze—  
The youthful prince from distant lands returned,  
Pursues the chase along the diamond forest.  
A parent's will, beside his subjects' good,  
Binds him to choose a partner of his throne  
Before to-morrow's sun crimsons the west.

As yet unscathed by love, heart whole and free,  
 He re-unites the beauties of his court  
 At this night's entertainment, and his choice  
 He leaves to chance—a seeming chance alone ;  
 For I have fixed on her whom he must wed—  
 The mortal daughter whom your queen befriends.

*First Fairy.* The chase comes nigh.

*Fairy Queen.* Let two of lightest wing,  
 Like floating zephyrs, that idle in the air,  
 Fly swift invisible to earthly eyes,  
 Withdraw the prince from all, and guide him hither,  
 Where to his sight her image shall be shown,  
 Who shall to-morrow share his heart and throne.

*Third Fairy.* A mortal's heavy step doth shake the ground.

*Fairy Queen.* Then, like your queen, be all invisible,  
 Although your agile forms may frolic round him,  
 And charm his senses with harmonious spell.

[Enter Prince.]

#### SONG.

*Prince.* Morning its sweets are flinging  
 O'er each bower and spray—  
 Flowers to life are springing,  
 To greet the opening day.  
 Soft floats around  
 The water's murmuring sound ;  
 Zephyr is gently winging  
 Round her sportive way ;  
 Birds on each branch are singing,  
 While echo repeats each lay.  
 'Tis an enchanted grove,  
 Sacred to peace and love.

*Prince.* Throughout my pilgrimage of foreign travels, ne'er did I behold a spot so beautiful ; and yet my steed refused to enter ! With ears erect, and eyes of fire, he started back, as if some fearful vision had crossed his sight. The ardor of the chase has robbed me of my companions, but this will call them to my side.

[Blows his horn.]

#### CONCERTED PIECE.

*Prince & Fairies.* Music floats in the air,  
 What spell hath bound me ?  
 In a spot so fair,  
 Can ill surround me ?

*Fairy Queen and Fairies enter.*

*Fairies (invisible)* Hail, to thee stranger,  
 Seek not to fly ;  
 Here fear and danger  
 N'er can come nigh.

Kind friends shall guard thee,  
 True love reward thee—  
 And scenes of pleasure  
 Banish each sigh.

*Fairy Queen.* Bliss now attends thee—  
 Fortune befriends thee—  
 Earth's fairest treasure  
 Here wait thine eye.  
*Prince.* Hark ! around, above,  
 Throughout the grove,  
 In harmonious measure,  
 Voices float around.

[*He listens, and repeats the Queen's words.*]

"Kind friends,"—“true love,”  
 What magic's nigh ?  
 What fate attends me ?  
 What power befriends me ?  
 With fear and pleasure  
 My heart beats high.

*Prince.* Am I truly on enchanted ground—or is it but imagination. A strain of music, breathing more than mortal sweetness reigns around ; but the waters of yon babbling fountain will cool my excited fancy. Ha ! what art thou, beautiful vision ? mortal or goddess, accept my devotion ; let me but know you exist, and with my daring hand remove the mist.

*Fairy Queen suddenly appearing between him and the fountain.*

*Fairy Queen.* Hold !

*Prince.* Ah ! what art thou, thus suddenly bursting upon my sight !

*Fairy Queen.* One that will prove thy friend if you deserve it : for her whom thou wouldst now approach, go seek her where thou may'st do so openly and free. If thou preferest virtue unto wealth, goodness and modesty to heartless grandeur, thou may'st e'en this day find her. 'Till then lose her.

[*She waves her wand, and the fountain resumes its former appearance.*] But bear her features living in thy heart.

[*A distant horn sounds.*

Thy friends now seek thee, and approach this spot ;  
 Their eyes must not behold it. Prince farewell.

As thus I touch thee with my rod of might,  
 Let thine eyes close awhile upon the light ;  
 Let all that's past to thy remembrance seem,  
 On thy awaking, as thy fancy's dream.

### SCENE II.—*Cloud Flats.*

*Fairy Queen listens, then waves the clouds off, and exits.*

### SCENE III.—*A beautiful Eastern Landscape.*

#### CHORUS.

What wild sounds the hunters attending,  
 With the notes of the horn are blending.

Hark ! the chamois' dying call  
 Mixing with the torrent's fall,  
 Whil'st echo, the sound back sending,  
 Delights to repeat, repeat it all.  
 Loudly now, thro' copse and dell,  
 Let our woodland music swell,  
 'Till our noble Prince is found,  
 Glade and wood be searched around.

## SOLO.

*Dandini.* Soft, behold, o'ercome with sleep.

## CHORUS.

He tranquil rests in slumbers deep.

*Prince. (Awaking.)* Alidoro ! Friends ! was it then but a dream !

*Alidoro.* Seized with alarm at your absence, we turned upon our steps, and—

*Prince.* Tell me friends, as you came on, saw you none quit this place.

*Dandini.* None.

*Prince.* Then, farewell, happiness—farewell all ! never again can I know joy ! Oh ! if I thought the earth held her, I would give my throne to obtain her.

*Alidoro.* Nay, Prince, that were more like to mar thy chance than mend it.

*Prince.* Oh ! I have seen, in the vision of my fancy, a form so more than beautiful that none of mortal mould may equal her.

*Alidoro.* Your grace's vision now recals to my remembrance a dream that hath touch of coincidence with your present situation, tho' I had nigh forgotten it.

*Prince.* Tell me of it. I'll snatch at every hope, however wild, that will soothe my present torture.

*Alidoro.* On the first night of my return from Padua, me-thought a female form of fairy mould and dazzling brightness : in her small hand a rod of snowy white, gemmed with the semblance of a blazing star, appeared before me—

*Prince.* I saw her in my dream. Go on.

*Alidoro.* And commanded me, as I valued the happiness of this realm, to guide my sovereign to the old castle of the Baron of Montifiesco, where virtue, youth, and beauty awaited him—worthy of a throne.

*Prince.* The Baron of Montifiesco ! I know him not—fame reports he is the father of lovely daughters, but the Baron himself is but a pompous fool.

*Alidoro.* I would suggest to you my gracious Prince, to call at the castle on our way homeward, and, as a cover to the real cause of our visit, let the ladies of Montifiesco be invited to the

tournay that precedes the evening's feast, and we will conduct them to the palace as we return.

*Prince.* 'Tis well; be it so.

*Alidoro.* (*Pointing off.*) Go on friends towards that castle yonder, and announce the Prince's approach.

*Prince.* Go, friends.

CHORUS—(*as marching off.*)

Our noble Prince is found,  
Let the wood with joy resound.

[*Hunters bow to the Prince and exeunt.*

*Prince.* Mark me, my friends, I would observe all, and be myself unobserved. I have thought of a way—I am told thou hast oft aped the foibles of the great for other's entertainment—thou shalt now do so for mine; therefore, for a time, I'll confer my rank even on thee, Dandini.

*Dandini.* On me, my Prince?

*Prince.* Yes, 'tis not for long; soon will I resume it. Here, take my insignia—it is to these baubles, and not to myself, the world's honors are shown. Come, let us haste.

[*Prince crosses Alidoro—gives his mantle, cap and spear to Dandini, taking Dandini's cap and spear, and is about to exit with Alidoro, when Dandini stops them, and exits swaggering, followed by Prince and Alidoro.*

#### SCENE IV.—A Gothic Room in the Baron's Castle.

Cinderella discovered sitting on a stool near fire place; Clorinda at one of the mirrors, practising a dance; Thisbe at the other, fixing a flower in her hair.

#### TRIO.

*Clorinda.* No, no, no, with step so light,  
With such grace and easy air,  
None will dance this joyful night.

*Thisbe.* Yes, yes, yes, yes, this flower I'll wear,  
Better here; no, better there,  
Fastened thus within my hair.

*Together.* With such beauty and such skill,  
Every heart I'll gain at will.

*Cinderella,* (not noticing her sisters.) Once there chanced a king to be,  
Who to marry had a mind,  
So he sought a wife to find,  
And he'd his choice of fair ones three,  
Thus 'tis said;  
Scorning wealth and charms alone,  
Virtue's call his heart obeyed,  
And he chose a lowly maid  
To share his love and throne.  
Fal—lal—lal—lal—la.

*Clorinda and Thisbe, (angrily.)*

Cinderella, pray how long  
Must that ditty be repeated.

[Clorinda crosses to R.]

*Cinderella.* In my chimney-corner seated,  
Let me sing my good old song.

*Clorinda and Thisbe [mocking her.]*

Once there chanced ; did ever any one see ?  
Wilt give over, yes, or no ?  
Or I'll stop thee with a blow.

[They return to their mirrors.

With such beauty and such skill,  
Every heart we'll gain at will.

*Cinderella (blowing the fire—aside.)*

Once there chanced a king to be,  
Who to marry had a mind,  
So he sought a wife to find,  
And he'd his choice of maidens three.

*Clorinda.* And so, madame Cinderella, after having done nothing but dress our heads, you think you may sit there singing your old melancholy songs, as if you were in your kitchen, do you ? Have you done the work we ordered you last night ?

*Cinderella.* Yes, sister, indeed I have, though it took me to finish till two this morning.

*Clorinda.* Dear me, great cause of complaint, to be sure. What should we say, who danced the other night till three o'clock, and yet were up before twelve.

*Cinderella.* Nay, dancing doesn't tire.

*Thisbe.* You think so.

*Cinderella.* I'm sure of it. Oh, I could dance for twenty-four hours.

*Clorinda.* What a pity you are not invited to the ball—You'd go, I dare say.

*Cinderella.* Oh, that I would.

*Clorinda.* Ha—ha—ha ! you'd be a pretty figure at a ball !

*Thisbe.* Especially in that tasty dress ! [Laughs.]

*Clorinda.* Go, and put such idle thoughts out of your head, and be grateful to us for keeping you employed, for depend upon it, my dear, work is pleasure.

*Cinderella.* Is it ? then I am very sorry to hear it.

*Clorinda and Thisbe.* Why ?

*Cinderella.* Because you never can have any pleasure.

*Clorinda.* Get you gone into the kitchen again, till we call you. (As Cinderella is going—knocking at door.) Stay, some one knocks—see who it is. [Cinderella opens door.]

*The Fairy Queen, disguised as a decrepit old woman, enters a few steps.*

## QUARTETTE.

*Fairy Queen.* Grant me charity, I pray.]  
*Clorinda and Thisbe,* (*indignantly.*)  
 Idle crone, hence away.

[They turn their backs and arrange their dress at the mirrors—Cinderella goes kindly to Fairy, takes her up to seat at the fire, puts table and food near her, and hides her from the sisters.

*Cinderella,* (*taking her up.*)

<i>Fairy Queen.</i>	Do not go away in sorrow, This year hunger will allay.
<i>Cinderella.</i>	Happiness before to-morrow, May the charity repay.
<i>Clorinda and Thisbe,</i> ( <i>practising attitudes.</i> )	May I still relieve the sorrow Of the needy on their way.
	Every art and grace I'll borrow, My attractions to display.

*Clorinda,* (*turning round.*) What! that ragged pauper still here! What insolence! Hence! or I'll have thee dragged through the horse-pond; and as for you, you little slut—

[Advances towards Cinderella, who crosses behind Fairy.

*Fairy Queen,* [*holding up her stick.*] Hold! [Clorinda gives a slight shriek, and appears to be seized with a pain in her arm—Thisbe goes to her.] Harm her not for being charitable. I am going. Your unfeeling hearts will yet be punished. As for you, gentle maid, fear them not—their power to hurt thee is passed, and your humanity ere long will meet reward. [Exit.

*Clorinda.* Who ever heard such insolence! I would have punished her myself but for a dreadful pain that just then came into my arm. I declare, owing to the girl's folly, ours is become a regular house of call for all the vagabonds in the country.

*Thisbe.* We shall be robbed some of these days. Go back to your kitchen.

*Cinderella.* Well, 'tis no matter; I have relieved the distressed, and shall eat my crust with more satisfaction. [Exit.

*Clorinda.* But where can that lazy fellow, Pedro, be delaying all this time? It's more than two hours since he went to town for our new dresses. I hope mine will be made, it's to be trimmed with gold.

*Thisbe.* And mine is to be pink satin trimmed with silver.

*Clorinda.* Yes, but because I am the oldest I am to wear a beautiful Spanish hat and feathers. I hope Pedro will take care of it. I wouldn't have it spoiled for all the world.

*Enter Pedro.*

*Pedro.* Here I am at last, Miss. Ugh! what a trot I've had of it, to be sure.

*Clorinda and Thisbe,* [delighted.] Now for it! now for it!

*Clorinda.* Have you brought everything?

*Pedro.* Yes, Miss, everything I was told, except I forgot something. [*Places bandbox on stage.*]

*Clorinda.* Well, Pedro, where have you been all this time?

*Pedro.* Been! bless you, I have been everywhere—first to the mantua-maker's, then to the staymaker's, then to the shoemaker's—in fact to all sorts of maker's, [giving packets out of smaller bandbox.] There are the gloves—there are the wigs—I mean the curls; the hairdresser says there'll not be such fronts as yours at the ball. There are the flowers—there is the rouge, there are the shoes; the shoemaker says they'll be sure to fit.

*Clorinda.* And have you brought my beautiful Spanish hat and feathers?

*Pedro.* Yes, Miss, it's in the bandbox.

*Clorinda.* Oh, I must try it on directly! Now, Pedro, run and call Cinderella to take the things out of the bandbox; do you hear?

*Pedro, (turning to her.)* Yes, Miss.

*Thisbe.* And, Pedro, tell her to come to me, and—

*Pedro.* I will, Miss.

[*They hurry him from one to the other, till, in his confusion, he falls back into the bandbox—bursts out laughing—they beat him off—Clorinda takes out the hat and feathers flattened and broken.*]

*Clorinda.* Here's a head-dress for the ball! Oh, my beautiful hat and feathers! I must not go without it. I'll have that wretch turned away, I'm determined; he does nothing but mischief.

*Enter Cinderella.*

*Cinderella.* Did you call? Did you want me, sisters, I mean?

*Clorinda.* Why did you not come sooner?

*Cinderella.* I did not know that you—

*Clorinda.* Silence! remove those things directly. (*Horn.*) What's that? Cinderella, run to the front, and—

*Enter Pedro, hastily.*

*Pedro.* Where's my master? where's the Baron? here's a grand to-do—here's a—

*Clorinda and Thisbe.* What's the matter?

*Pedro.* Oh, such a boar!

*Clorinda, [alarmed].* A boar!

*Pedro.* Yes, a wild one!

*Clorinda and Thisbe.* Ah!

[Screaming.]

*Pedro.* Yes, but he's dead though; I had just gone to the gate, when a great cavalcade of hunters, carrying dead game enough to stock our pantry for a twelvemonth, came up. Oh, here they come!

*Enter Alidoro and Hunters.—Alidoro goes to corner—Hunters divide on each side.*

#### CHORUS AND QUARTETTE.

Back from his morning's chase our noble Prince doth ride

And to this mansion now he bends his way,

Unto his palace, your steps to guide,

Where joy will reign this happy day.

Where soon some envied bride,

Of this whole realm the pride,

By our lov'd Prince's side,

Our hearts will sway.

*Clorinda and Thisbe, [eagerly.]*

The Prince himself, you say,

*Alidoro and Hunters.*

Now comes this way:

*Clorinda and Thisbe.*

And soon some envied bride

*Alidoro, &c.*

We'll all obey.

[*Clorinda and Thisbe pulling Cinderella forward between them, and from each other]*

Cinderella, quick come here,

Bring my things into my room—

Cinderella, do you hear?

Get my necklace and my plume.

What confusion's in my brain!

Now my triumph is at hand,

Who knows yet, but I may reign,

Chosen queen o'er all the land.

*Cinderella [who has run from one to the other.]*

Cinderella, now run here,

Cinderella, now run there;

Cinderella, night and day.

'T is enough to rive one's brain

Thus to slave at their command;

Treated ever with disdain,

And abused at every hand.

*Alidoro, &c.*

What confusion's in their brain,

Now the contest is at hand;

Each is hoping yet to reign,

Chosen queen o'er all the land.

*Clorinda.* Here, Cinderella, lead the attendants to get refreshments. Thanks, good friends. Sir, [to Alidoro] we feel honored by the Prince's condescension, and deem his visit a most signal favor. [*Exit Hunters and Alidoro, following Cinderella.*] Oh, my dear sister, [*embracing Thisbe.*] what happiness?—we shall see the Prince.

*Thisbe.* He will hand us out.

*Clorinda.* How we shall be stared at! What an honor! But bless me, the Prince is coming, and our father not up yet—I must run and inform him.

*Thisbe.* (*Crosses.*) No, I must be first to tell him the news.

*Clorinda.* (*Pulling her across.*) Indeed you shant though—I'm the eldest, and must be the principal agent in all family matters.

*Thisbe.* Well, then, I'll go with you. [*Exeunt.*]

*Clorinda and Thisbe.* (*Without.*) Father! Father!

*They re-enter, hurrying in the Baron.*

Oh! such news, such an honor! such—

#### SONG.

*Baron.* Ye tormentors! wherefore came ye?  
I disown ye—I disclaim ye;  
Such a glorious dream, just dreaming,  
And to wake me with your screaming:  
See with sorrow how they're swelling—  
Pretty creatures, how they fear me.  
Come, then, silence, now, and hear me,  
While my wondrous dream I'm telling.  
To the garden as I hied me,  
Methought a jackass rose beside me;  
Yes, a jackass, but such a love!  
When, of a sudden, potentous wonder,  
From his shoulders, broad, asunder  
Two large wings shot out above!  
And in the air up he flew,  
And a-top of a neighboring belfry  
Last he stuck before my view.  
Then the bells began a sounding,  
Right from under where we sat;  
When, chi, chi, chu, chu, in bounding  
You awoke me with your chat.  
Of this dream, now so astounding,  
Hear me thus the sense expounding;  
Bells on festals are sounded—  
That means joy to us unbounded.  
Then the wings, too, they mean you—  
And the flight, plebeians adieu.  
Now the ass remains, and he,  
Rest assured, means plainly me.  
Whoe'er beholds, you at once may gather,  
That the jackass is your father.

You are fated, each, believe me,  
 To become a fruitful queen,  
 And grandchildren by the dozen,  
 Soon around me will be seen.  
 A young king in embryo here,  
 Servant, servant, mighty poppet—  
 A young queen about me there—  
 Servant, servant, royal poppet.  
 And as I'm the parent vine,  
 All the glory will be mine.

*Baron.* Yes, my wonderful dream portends something, and if your tongues hadn't drown'd the bells, there's no knowing what I should have made of it.

*Clorinda and Thisbe.* (*Impatient to speak.*) Oh, father, father!

*Clorinda.* I've such news to tell you!

*Thisbe.* Do you know that —

*Baron.* What! I suppose your dresses are come?

*Clorinda.* Oh, as to that—yes, and beautiful they are.

*Thisbe.* Mine is trimmed with silver!

*Clorinda.* And mine with gold.

*Baron.* Yes, and all the gold and silver trimmed out of my pockets; but no matter, as long as we support the dignity of our house. No later than yesterday I fell asleep, over the family tree, tracing our noble line! There have been princes among the blood of the Pompolino's, and I find we are descended, perpendicularly in the male line from Peter, the foolish—and horizontally in the female line from Barbara, the cruel; and neither males nor females have in the least degenerated.

*Clorinda.* (*Aside.*) He'll never stop. [*To Baron.*] Didn't you hear the horns sound a little while back?

*Baron.* The horns? what then—are horns a novelty to the house of Pompolino? No. [*Crosses.*]

*Thisbe.* But the Prince has been hunting in the forest, and—

*Baron.* Hunting! ha—ha—ha! by my ancestors, but he is a rare Prince! Scarcely returned from his travels a week, he hunts in the morning, gives a ball at night, and gets married next day!

*Clorinda and Thisbe.* Married!

*Baron.* Yes, he's bound by a special clause in his father's will, to marry in a month after its date, and to-morrow the fatal period arrives, (*crosses.*) That's the reason why he this night gives a grand entertainment, and has invited all the noble families of this principality—*us*, of course.

*Clorinda.* Well, then, he's now coming here.

*Baron.* Eh? what? coming here?

*Clorinda.* Yes, in a few minutes.

*Thisbe.* He has sent to say—

*Clorinda.* Attended by his followers.

*Thisbe.* We're to be conducted to the pal—

*Baron.* Zounds ! one at a time, or I can hear neither.

*Clorinda and Thisbe.* (*very quick.*) Well, then, the Prince, who has been hunting in the forest the whole morning—

*Baron.* There again. (*suddenly puts his hand on Clorinda's mouth.*) Now, my dear, while she is silent, do you go on.

*Thisbe.* Well, then, in one word, the Prince is coming here himself to conduct us, with all honor, to his palace.

*Baron.* The Prince coming here ! I'm all amazement and stupefaction ! Oh, my daughters what an honor for the Pompolinos ! One of you is certainly destined ! Remember the feathers—the flight—the ass—it's all coming true ; take care how you speak, look, and move. Now's the time for you to display all the natural graces you inherit from your father. [Crosses.

*Thisbe.* But I must n't be seen in this horrible dishabille.

*Clorinda.* Oh, if the Prince catches me undressed I shall faint.

*Baron.* And zounds, I shall faint if caught in this old nightcap and gown. Cinderella, fetch me my wig.

*Clorinda.* Cinderella, come and lace me.

*Thisbe.* Cinderella, bring me my new sash.

*Baron.* Come along, girls, let's make haste.

[*Exit, following daughters.*

*Enter Prince disguised as Dandini during symphony.*

#### RECITATIVE.

All around is silent—this mansion a desert seems ;

I know not wherefore thus I've consented

To yield me to the sport of chance.

The words my friend imparted

Were that within this mansion

Reside virtue, youth and beauty—

Worthy to grace a throne and make me happy,

To marry, yet not to love ! oh, law tyrannic ;

That in youth's blooming season

Harshly my heart to barter, thus condemn me.

What means this silence !

[*Looking round.* *Enter Cinderella, with a coffee cup on salver.*

*Cinderella.* Once there chanced a king to be.

[*Runs against the Prince and screams.*

Ah ! oh, mercy.

*Prince.* What fear ye ?

*Cinderella.* You alarmed me so, sir.

*Prince.* Do you think me some monster ?

*Cinderella.* [confused.] Yes—I mean no, sir.

[*Curtseying—A pause.*

## DUETT.

*Prince.* Whence this soft and pleasing flame,  
That within my breast hath passed?

*Cinderella.* Wherefore thus within my frame,  
Does my heart now beat so fast?

*Prince.* What resemblance her features bear!

*Cinderella.* I would speak, yet I scarcely dare.  
Mildly beaming, brightly gleaming,

In those eyes beauty sits smiling,  
Both. And my heart e'en now beguiling,

O'er me throws its magic snare.

*Prince, (advancing to Cinderella.)*

Of the Baron, the lovely daughters,  
I fain would see, if they here dwell;

*Cinderella.* They are yonder in their chamber,  
Soon they'll come, (*aside,*) then hope farewell.

*Prince.* Who are you, then, may I know?

*Cinderella.* That, alas, I scarce can tell.

*Prince, (surprised.)* How! not tell?

*Cinderella.* Truly no.

By my father disregarded,  
From my family discarded,  
Having early lost my mother,  
Without sister, without brother.

Then my father, in conclusion,  
Nay, though lost in strange confusion,  
I scarce know what I have said,  
Oh, forgive, and judge with mildness  
Of a poor and simple maid.

[Confused.]

*Prince.* How enchanting is her wildness,  
Thus with innocence arrayed.

*Clorinda and Thisbe, (without.)* Cinderella come here to me.

*Baron, (without.)* Cinderella.

*Prince.* What can all that outcry be?

*Cinderella, (crossing.)* Farewell, sir stranger, my duty calls—  
Ah, whate're may now befall me,

This poor heart no more is mine.

*Prince, (aside.)* To my reason, pride recall me,  
Though her beauty may enthrall me,

Thoughts so wild I must resign.

[Exit Cinderella.]

*Prince.* What innocence! what simplicity! and her features  
so resembling! yet her mean attire! What strange sensation  
pervades my breast! How beautiful! Can she be a relation  
of the family? Oh, I would give much that her state was  
such as permitted her being invited to the feast.

*Enter Alidoro—comes down.*

Tell me, my friend, are all my train instructed to pay every  
attention to Dandini, as my representative?

*Alidoro.* All, Prince, though his ridiculous airs somewhat  
discompose the necessary gravity of his companions. Has  
your highness yet beheld the daughters of the Baron?

*Prince.* No ; I have, as yet, only seen a lovely girl in mean attire—a humble relative of the family, I presume, but of such transcendent beauty, as would shed a lustre round her even in a court.

*Alidoro.* See, here comes the Baron with his daughters ; observe all, and be careful not to betray yourself.

*Enter Baron, arm-and-arm with Clorinda and Thisbe, all richly habited.*

*Alidoro.* Have we the honor of addressing the Baron Pompolino ?

*Baron.* Yes, gentlemen, you have ; may I know in return who you are ?

*Alidoro.* My name, sir, is Alidoro.

*Baron.* Alidoro ! are you that wise and illustrious sage whose learning—whose flaming light—whose—I have the honor to present my daughters to you.

[*The Prince and Alidoro bow—Clorinda and Thisbe endeavor to attract the Prince's notice.*]

*Baron* (*crosses Alidoro to Prince—bowing to him.*) I have the honor, no doubt, of seeing one of the principal lords of the court.

*Alidoro.* No, Baron, only a simple squire of the Prince.

*Baron* (*to Prince.*) How d'ye do, friend ?

*Clorinda.* Only a squire—I guessed he was something of the kind.]

*Thisbe.* Yes, he has the air of a commoner.

*Prince, (aside.)* If these be his only daughters, Alidoro—

*Alidoro, (aside.)* Patience, and decide not hastily.

*Baron, (to Alidoro.)* Learned sir, may I inquire to what I owe the flattering honor of your visit ?

*Alidoro.* The Prince is in your neighborhood ; having heard a fair report of your daughters, he is desirous of beholding them. But, hold ! the Prince's royal horns announce his arrival.

*Baron.* [*Aside to his daughters.*] Now, girls, remember the flight, remember the bells, remember the ass, and call up your sweetest smiles.

*Alidoro.* The Prince is here.

*Enter Dandini, preceded by four of the Prince's attendants.*

*Dandini.* By all our princely ancestors, but we've had noble sport ! Baron, you may kiss our hand ; you see we are not at all proud. [*Baron kisses his hand.*] We are informed that fate has made you the father of fascinating daughters.

*Baron.* Fate has smiled on me, and aided my paternal endeavors to continue the line of my noble house. The fruit, noble Prince, is before you.

[*Points to his daughters—formal bow and curtsey.*] •

*Dandini.* May I be permitted the honor of a chaste salute? [*Kisses them.*] We do congratulate you, Baron; these are two charming Venuses.

*Clorinda.* Oh, Prince!

*Thisbe.* Oh, sire!

*Dandini.* Yes, they are papa all over.

*Baron.* [Aside.] He's caught! The descendants of Peter the foolish will still be mixed with royal blood. [To Dandini.] Your Highness, then, does incontinently marry tomorrow?

*Dandini.* Most incontinently; I'm tired of the world's pleasures, and must marry.

*Baron.* And what are the qualifications your highness thinks necessary in the marriage state?

*Dandini.* Oh, very few—she must dance well, sing well, play well—in short, be perfect mistress of every art that can charm the eye, and please the mind—that's all.

*Baron.* Then your highness need look no further; here you will find all the qualifications you want.

*Dandini.* Now, fair ladies, if you will honor our learned tutor—the wise Alidoro—with your delicate hands, he will prepare all for your departure.

*Baron.* We will follow directly; I'll but get my hat and cane, then tread upon your royal heels in a moment. [Exit.

*Dandini.* Now, Prince, have I not done it bravely?

*Prince.* Ha—ha—ha! out upon thee; thou hast libelled gentility most grossly!

*Dandini.* Consider my short notice.

*Prince.* But what in the name of all that is ridiculous, made you speak such big words?

*Dandini.* 'Tis but fitting, Prince, since I am great myself, that my words should be so, too.

*Baron.* [Without.] Leave me, I say, this moment, or else—

*Cinderella.* [Without.] Only one word, sir.

*Baron.* [Without.] Begone, I tell you.

*Prince.* Hark! what noise?

*Cinderella.* [Without.] Do but hear me, sir.

*Enter Baron followed by Cinderella.*

*Baron.* I won't; I've no time to lose. Now, Prince, I attend you.

*Prince.* [Aside.] 'Tis she again.

[As they prepare to go, she pulls the Baron by the coat.]  
*Baron,* [turning angrily around.] How now—what want ye?

## FINALE.

*Cinderella,* (to Baron, imploringly.)—

My Lord, deign but to hear me;  
 To ask a favor may I dare?  
 To dance but one hour, oh, let me  
 To this grand ball repair!

*Baron,* (with disdain.)—

Hi, hi, a pretty Venus, I must say—  
 A charming exhibition!  
 To thy cinders away;  
 Stop me not, I must not stay.

[Harshly.]

*Dandini,* (aside to Prince.)—

My Prince, with your permission,

*Prince,* (aside to him.)—

Hush! be silent, what is he saying?

*Dandini.* Well, but go we, why are we staying?

*Prince,* (aside.)—

My doubts I must allay.

*Cinderella,* (to Baron)—

But one half hour, do, pray.

*Baron,* (enraged,) Hence to thy work betake thee.

Begone or else I'll make thee.

[Raises his cane.]

*Prince and Dandini.* Forbear, sir!

Enter Alidoro.

*Baron,* (bowing to Dandini.) Please your Eminence—

(Aside to Cinderella.) Begone I say. (to Dandini.) Royal Excellence.

'Tis this vile servant's insolence.

*Prince, Dandini, Alidoro.* Servant!

*Cinderella.* Nay, sir.

*Baron.* Hence, impudence!

Behave with proper reverence.

(Threatening Cinderella.) Begone from hence!

Again appear,

I'll punish thee I swear.

*Prince and Alidoro,* (aside.) What feelings rise.

I                  You } must disguise.

I                  You } Still the mask must wear.

*Dandini.* Good Baron, nay,

Your wrath allay,

I must protect the fair.

(Cinderella, grieving.) A slave, alas!

My life to pass,

Hard fate beyond compare

Persuade him, kind sirs, to let me

To this grand ball repair,

Enter Fairy Queen, disguised, and gives a small open book to Alidoro.  
 then exits. He reads, surprised, and advances to Baron.

*Alidoro.* Here, 'tis set down, my lord,  
 Behold, you see,  
 That you're the parent  
 Of daughters three,  
 Aye, daughters three;  
 Now, ere the Prince bestows his hand,  
 I your third daughter here demand.  
*Baron, (alarmed and confused.)*—  
 I, a third daughter! you've been misled.  
*Alidoro, (reading.)* Her name is Angelina.  
*Baron, (trembling.)* She, sir, is dead.  
*Alidoro, (incredulously.)* Yet in this book 'tis not so said!  
*Cinderella, (aside.)* Sure, 'tis of me they speak.  
*(Advancing.)* No, she's not dead.  
*Baron, (driving her to corner.)* Another word, my fury dread.  
 'That you are dead, but dare deny,  
 And by my life, e'en here you die.  
*Prince, (forgetting himself, crosses to Baron.)*—  
 Dead, sir, you said?  
*Dandini, (advances, and shoulders Prince to R.)*—  
 Dead, sir, you said?  
*Baron.* Your Highness, quite dead. [A pause—All turn up stage.  
*Dandini.* Midst doubts confusing,  
 Uncertain musing,  
 My mind's commotion,  
 Like waves of the ocean,  
 Still rolling wide,  
 Will not subside.  
*[Baron and Cinderella advancing.*  
*Baron.* Dare not to breathe again.  
 One single syllable,  
 And on this very spot,  
 You surely die.  
*Cinderella, (alarmed.)* Oh, sirs, protect me!  
 Do not forsake me,  
 Your kind assistance do not deny.  
*Enter all the Hunters.*  
*Alidoro & Chorus.* End this dissension,  
 Longer delay not,  
 For our departure  
 The hour is nigh.  
*Prince, (coming down near Cinderella.)*—  
 No more of violence,  
 Poor maiden, fear not!  
 On our protection  
 You may rely.  
*Dandini, (pompously.)* Shall my authority  
 Be disregarded?  
 Be silent, all of ye!  
 Oh, fie, oh, fie!  
*Chorus.* All now is ready,  
 Time quick doth fly;  
 Over the mountains  
 The sun is high.

END OF ACT I.

## A C T I I.

SCENE I.—*Chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter Prince and Dandini,*

*Prince.* Softly, softly, in a whisper,  
So that none may overhear us ;  
Now, that nobody is near us,  
Say, what think you of the fair ?  
*Dandini.* Why, then softly, and in a whisper,  
Without any hesitation,  
Of caprice and affectation,  
They're a compound, I declare.  
*Prince.* Without any more debating,  
Neither shall be mine, I swear.  
*Dandini.* Ever flirting, ever prating,  
They're in truth, a precious pair.

*Enter Clorinda.*

*Clorinda*, (to Dandini.) Tell me why, Prince, you're so cruel ?

*Enter Thisbe.*

*Thisbe*, [to Dandini.] Why, alas, Prince, do you fly me ?  
*Both.* I must have you ever near me,  
Or you'll drive me to despair.  
*Dandini.* Softly, ladies, soft and hear me.  
Wed two sisters ! that I fear me  
Would all proper bounds outgo,  
One I'll marry, and the other  
On my squire here, I'll bestow.  
*Both.* No, no, no, no, no,  
Wed a squire ! not so, not so.  
*Prince.* Lovely fair, do not refuse me,  
You'll repent not if you choose me.  
*Both.* Wed a squire ! good sir, excuse me.  
No, no, no, it will not do.  
Wed a low born creature,  
Coarse in manner and in feature !  
Oh, the idea is so horrid !  
It is more than I can bear.  
*Prince and { Dandini.* So much candor in a woman  
Is a virtue somewhat rare.

*Dandini* (aside.) The Prince's hat and cloak, carry it all hollow ; his Royal highness hasn't a chance.

*Prince.* Well, never was a Prince so candidly treated ; 'tis not, however, the Prince they reject—no, 'tis the squire ; and now that my unfavorable opinion of them is confirmed, their vanity shall be sufficiently mortified. Hark thee, Dandini, our frolic now must end.

*Dandini.* What, must I abdicate so soon ?

*Prince.* Aye, sir, and more—you must explain all to the Baron, and see that he quit not the palace. His folly is amusing, and I should miss him in our evening's revels.

[*Exit Prince.*

*Dandini.* And so ends Dandini's greatness; before, however, I descend into private life, I'll see if I can't retire with a little advantage. Roseate beauties, I am rather a romantic kind of monarch, and I am weak enough to desire to be beloved for myself alone. Tell me, then, is't not rather my throne and my crown?

*Both.* Oh, Prince, would you attack our punctilio honor?

*Dandini.* Not even in my dreams.

*Thisbe.* As for me, were your Highness the lowest of your subjects, I would still prefer you to all others.

*Clorinda.* A cottage and your heart is all that I require.

*Dandini.* You enchant me! but see, your noble father comes this way; so, sweetest charmers, deign to retire for a few moments.

*Dandini.* And now for the poor Baron.

*Enter Baron.*

*Baron.* Ah, Prince, excuse the intrusion—pardon a father's eagerness, if I crave to know which of my two daughters is your honored choice.

*Dandini.* My choice is already made; but you must be silent.

*Baron.* I'll be dumb.

*Dandini.* It is in confidence, mind.

*Baron.* [*Aside.*] I'm upon thorns.

*Dandini.* Well, then, bring me a seat, Baron.

#### DUETTO.

*Dandini.* Sir, a secret most important,  
Most peculiar, nay, most confounding,  
You must hear me now declare.  
'Tis a matter so astounding,  
It may chance to make you stare.  
From the lips of men of wisdom  
Counsel, sir, comes ever wiser,  
How to treat her, be my adviser,  
If I wed your daughter fair.

[*Aside.*]

*Baron.* I'm made chancellor already.  
Since your royal condescension  
Such a matter deigns to mention,  
My advice to give I'll dare—  
Ever ready in the hall,  
Be twenty servants at her call;  
A hundred horses in her stable,  
Fifty covers at her table.

Choicest fruits and rarest wine  
 When her majesty shall dine.  
 And when to ride she has a mind,  
 A guard of honor march behind.  
**Dandini.**  
 Then 'tis time to tell you plainly—  
 For all this she must hope vainly.  
 Horses, wines and sumptuous table  
 To afford her I'm not able.  
 To great folks, sir, I've no call,  
 But keep with servants in the hall.  
**Baron.**  
**Dandini.**  
**Baron.**  
**Dandini.**  
 Are you serious ?  
 The farce is o'er, sir.  
 All has been then —  
 A jest, no more, sir.  
 All my grandeur's but a joke,  
 And my princedom ends in smoke ;  
 For the real prince arriving,  
 Of the mask my face depriving,  
 Lays me under the obligation  
 To resume my situation.  
 I'm a valet, sir, by station,  
 Brushing clothes my occupation.  
 Of the wardrobe I take care,  
 Shave my master and dress his hair.  
**Baron.**  
 Shaves his master and dress his hair.

[Exit Baron in a rage. Exit Dandini.]

SCENE II.—*The Kitchen—Dresser—Fire.* Cinderella discovered despondingly standing near the fire—she comes forward.

*Cinderella.* The image of that stranger seems always present—and so kind, too ; I'm sure the Prince that came after was nothing to compare with him—ah ! if I could but see him again—my sisters, too, they are at the ball—and I, after toiling all day, must pass my night in solitude and sorrow.

*Enter Pedro.*

*Pedro.* Well, Miss Cinderella, you are as solitary as an old hermit—those amiable sisters of yours are off to the Prince's ball—I hope they won't keep us up all night ; I've done all my own work, Miss, and now, if you will give me leave, I'll do your's also.

*Cinderella.* No, thank you, good Pedro, I will not trouble you, but finish my task myself.

*Pedro.* Why, you are scarcely able to stand ; here you have been on your legs ever since five o'clock this morning.

*Cinderella.* Ah, Pedro, that is nothing new ; for you know I am used to that every morning.

*Pedro.* Whilst your lady sisters never get up before eleven or twelve.

*Cinderella.* But my father says that sleep is necessary for their health.

*Pedro.* Well, it's pretty treatment, and for what, I wonder? Is it because you're of the second bed? What then? wasn't nature nature in both cases? It's barbarous treatment, I say, though you bear it like a holy *mortar*. You are moping here in the kitchen, while your sisters are gone to jig it at the Prince's grand ball. Oh, I wish they may get the cramp in their legs the very first dance.

*Cinderella.* That is a wicked wish, Pedro.

*Pedro.* I can't help it—I love your little finger better than their two bodies, and I can't understand why your father should—

*Cinderella.* Hear me, Pedro, I can inform you—my sisters have often told me—my father took a dislike to me in my infancy for my ugliness.

*Pedro.* Ugliness! why don't you know that the uglier you are when you are young the prettier you are when you grow up? Why no one would believe it; but at two years old I was quite a fright—yes, indeed, I was. I am sure your sisters must have been born precious handsome; they are a couple of Algerine barbarians. Didn't they make you change your own pretty name of Angelina into Cinderella, after being themselves the cause of keeping you among the cinders—but never mind, bear what name you will, you're an honor and an ornament to it. It will be a famous name yet; 'gad, I wish I had the christening of them, I'd give them an *ella*; I'd call one of them Vixenella, and the other Spitefulella.

*Cinderella.* Pedro, can—can you tell me who it was that came this morning here, before the Prince?

*Pedro.* No, but I believe he was somebody, for he didn't look like nobody.

*Cinderella.* I say, Pedro, do you think—that is, can you keep a secret, Pedro?

*Pedro.* Not if you tell it me; I'm like a woman—I only conceal what I don't know; and the only secret I should care to know is, when we shall be happier. (*The following line appears on the dresser.*) "Thy woes will soon end."

*Cinderella* (*seeing the writing*). Ah! (*reads.*) "Thy woes will soon end."

*Pedro.* Will they, but I should like to see yours end at the same time. I don't know but I may do something desperate for us both, yet; and if I get hanged for it—(*The writing again appears*) "Thou'l get thy just reward."

*Cinderella*, [*reading.*] Thou'l get thy just reward.

*Pedro.* I am much obliged to you, I'm sure.

*Cinderella.* Am I awake?

*Pedro.* I should think not.

*Cinderella.* Pedro, do you see anything there?

[Writing disappears.]

*Pedro.* Come now, no tricks; it's not the first time I have been alone with a woman. I know what it is—it's only a jocular deception caused by the light of the fire. I'll poke it up a little, and you will see it will absolve the whole mystery.

[Runs to fire; as he is about to poke it, Fairy Queen sings behind.]

*Fairy Queen.*

Cinderella! Cinderella!

*Chorus.*

Cease, Cinderella,  
Cease to grieve thee,  
For come to relieve thee  
Thy friends are nigh.

*Fairy Queen.* Bless thee, my good child.

*Cinderella.* Bless me, Godmother, how did you come in?

*Pedro,* [aside.] She must be Mrs. Sally Mander—In? by a door of her own making.

*Fairy Queen.* Pedro, is this the welcome you give your favorite's Godmother?

*Pedro.* I am very glad to see you, Granny; [aside]. I wonder if she knows it's a lie?

*Fairy Queen.* But god-child, thine eyes look red, as though thou hadst been weeping; come, what is thy sorrow?

*Cinderella.* I am very unhappy, I wish—I wish—

*Fairy Queen.* Thou wishest thou could'st go to the Prince's Ball—is it not so?

*Cinderella.* Ye—e—es.

*Pedro.* Eh?

*Fairy Queen.* Well, be a good girl, and I will contrive that thou shalt go.

*Pedro.* I hope she ain't going to play off any of her devil's tricks.

*Cinderella.* Oh, la, godmother! If you can do that, you must be a witch!

*Pedro.* [Aside.] That's a plumper.

*Fairy Queen.* Nay, my child, that's an uncouth word. I am somewhat more—a Fairy. But come, let us haste; time is flying fast, and the ball will soon begin. Pedro?

*Pedro.* Eh?

*Fairy Queen.* Run into the garden and fetch me a pumpkin.

*Pedro.* A what?

*Fairy Queen.* Obey me!

*Pedro.* I'm gone.

*Exit.*

*Fairy Queen.* Thou wilt wonder at thy godmother's power, but it is only exerted on rare occasions, and now, for thy good, I display my magic skill.

*Enter Pedro with a pumpkin.*

*Pedro.* Well, I wonder what a pumpkin has to do with her going to the ball?

*Fairy Queen.* Lay it on the dresser—the pumpkin shall become a coach for thy mistress.

*Pedro.* Well, what if it does? What is a coach without horses?

*Fairy Queen.* Horses shall not be wanting—the fairy prisoners in yonder mousetrap will form noble steeds, and be glad of their liberty in any shape.

*Pedro.* What, make horses of the mice? ha! ha! what an elegant turn out it will be!

*Cinderella.* But, godmother, horses won't go of themselves, and what shall we do for a coachman?

*Pedro.* I have it; since you are going to transmogrify the mice into horses, I'll go and see if there's a rat in the trap; you may make a coachman of him.

*Fairy Queen.* Thou art right, Pedro; go and look.

[*Pedro goes for trap.*]

*Pedro, (returning.)* Here he is, he'll make a jolly coachman; such whiskers! he has not been shaved since he was born.

*Fairy Queen.* And, hark thee—fetch hither the two garden-pots, wherein you will find, just now, three lizards; they shall serve for footmen.

*Pedro.* In a nice green livery.

[*Exit.*]

*Fairy Queen.* Thou shalt this night repay all thy sisters' ill to thee.

*Cinderella.* Oh! I should be sorry to see them grieved.

*Fairy Queen.* What, canst thou forgive them? Excellent heart—thou art goodness itself.

*Enter Pedro with two garden-pots.*

*Pedro.* Here they are, and perhaps with your help, granny, they'll make smart lacqueys.

*Fairy Queen.* Thou art a good judge, Pedro.

*Pedro.* Ha, ha, ha! What a deal of pudding and cheese he must have stolen. [*Footmen rise on same trap.*] Your humble servant, gentlemen—you won't turn me out of my place, I hope.

*Fairy Queen.* Well, Cinderella, are not these servants fit to attend thee to the ball?

*Cinderella.* Oh, nothing can be better ! But must I go in these shabby old clothes ?

*Fairy Queen.* That, too, shall be remedied. Disappear and appear.

*Pedro.* Eh ! what, no, yes it is. Oh, wonderful ! Oh, you beautiful mistress ! and oh, you good old soul ! I wish I had such a grandmother.

*Fairy Queen.* Thou shalt not be forgotten, Pedro. First, with these magic glass-slipper, adorn thy lady's feet.

*Pedro,* [placing a chair.] There, and now, dear lady, you'll travel like a princess, and have grand servants to attend you, but none that will love you half so well as poor, humble Pedro.

*Fairy Queen.* Thy honesty and goodness shall win thee a pleasing office—the attendant of thy beloved mistress, do thou go with her—but in befitting garments ; appear a lofty lord.

[*His dress changes.*

*Pedro.* I declare I feel like a lord all over.

*Fairy Queen.* But now to complete my work, and fulfil my promise. Pedro, look into the mouse-trap, and see if you find not the mice.

*Pedro.* Here it is, granny, and sure enough six little mice in it—pretty creatures !

*Fairy Queen.* Let them run out.

*Pedro.* What ?

*Fairy Queen.* Obey me !

*Pedro.* Here goes, take care of your legs. Oh, wonderful grandmother ! wonderful mice and wonderful pumpkin ! I wish I had such a witch, it should never be idle.

*Fairy Queen.* And now a train shall attend thee, daughter of my love, such as no mortal can boast of ; lo, behold !

[*Gong and music.*

*SCENE changes to exterior of Prince's Palace.*

Sylphs and Fairies of 1st Scene enter, undiscovered, and surround the car.

*Cinderella.* Oh, transporting sight ! let us delay not, but to my chariot.

*Fairy Queen.* Stay ! one last injunction to thee, and no more ; but observe it well, or beware the consequences ; Pedro, attend thou likewise to my words, as thou art her guardian knight ; before the midnight hour shall strike, Cinderella, be sure thou art returned, as thou dost value my future friendship.

*Cinderella.* Before midnight !

*Fairy Queen.* Aye, before midnight; forget my commands and the hour once struck, thy finery shall change to rags again, thy rich attendants vanish, and thy chariot, coachman and footman, retake their original forms.

*Pedro.* Oh, what a sight we should be then!

*Fairy Queen.* Remember!

*Cinderella.* Fear me not, though every temptation surround me. Oh, I am wild with joy!

#### FINALE TO SECOND ACT.

<i>Cinderella.</i>	Delightful hours of rapture, With wildest joy this bounding heart Now is beating fast. Oh, happy Cinderella, Let fear and doubt depart, Thy woes are now all past. Go then, and joy reward thee, Thy friends, we still will guard thee, But mark, our will obey. Or the forfeit thou shant pay. Cinderella, twelve's the hour, Mock not the fairies' power. Your will I'll still obey, Your words shall guide my way, I'll not forget the hour, Nor mock the fairies' power.
<i>Fairies.</i>	
<i>Cinderella.</i>	

Good night.

END OF ACT II.

#### A C T III.

Miss L. PYNE will introduce a new Aria, composed by Jules Benedict, Esq., called, "THE SKYLARK."

SCENE I.—*A richly decorated ball room in the palace—at the back ground a grand piazza—distant city beyond—moonlight.*

CHORUS.—*Dancing.*

In light tripping measure,  
Surrounded by pleasure,  
We count the gay hours  
That so hastily fly.  
Hence, care and sorrow  
Dare not come nigh.

*Prince,* (coming forward.) Alas, it is in vain I look in every face! though many are fair—many are beautiful—yet the bright semblance of my morning's vision presents not itself. The hated period my soul shrinks from fast approaches, yet

cannot I find her whom my soul pants to find. All seem eager to share the Prince's crown, but not a husband's heart.

*Baron.* Noble Prince, shall the dance proceed?

*Prince.* Let it proceed.

*Baron.* His highness looks melancholy—one of my daughters is certainly in his head. On with the dance.

A Page enters.

*Page.* Gracious Prince, a beauteous princess, whose name we heard not, has just arrived.

*Prince.* My lord Baron, do you conduct this stranger to our presence.

*Clorinda,* [to *Thisbe.*] A princess without a name, who can she be?

*Thisbe.* I hope she is ugly.

*Prince,* [starting.] Ah! those sounds! those magic sounds! Oh, rapture! fate has blessed me. Fortune can grant no other boon, and my constant soul knows no greater bliss.

*Cinderella,* [who is veiled.] He, the Prince! oh, delightful moment.

*Alidoro.* How beautiful a form!

*Baron.* Do you think so? Well, I really do not see anything in it.

*Prince.* Lovely Princess, remove that envious veil, and let me feast upon your beauty. [She declines it.]

*Clorinda,* [to *Thisbe.*] Her face cannot be any great things, or she would not hide it.

*Prince.* Oh, disperse that envious cloud that seems jealous of my happiness.

#### DUET.

*Prince.* Let thine eyes on mine mildly beaming,  
With soft bliss this bosom swell!

*Cinderella.* 'Midst flattering hopes, now sweetly dreaming,  
I fear to wake and break the spell!

*Both.* When love's magic light is beaming,  
Its bright rays all clouds can dispel.  
When thine eyes, &c,

*Prince.* I never loved till now.

*Cinderella.* Dear, dear confession! my heart is so agitated I cannot speak to him!

*Baron,* (aside to his daughters.) Don't be uneasy, my dears, she is not at all like you.

*Prince.* May I be permitted to ask your name, lovely Princess?

*Cinderella,* [aside.] Oh, dear, I quite forgot to ask the fairy my name!

*Prince.* Silent? Oh! say what people are so blessed as to obey your laws? Still Silent? Tell me in what kingdom stands your throne?

*Cinderella.* Alas, did he but know what an humble throne mine is!

*Prince.* Still silent? Matchless woman! oh! torture me no longer, but dispel this darkness which wrongs your beauty.

*Cinderella.* Nay, Prince, my veil but tempers the brightness of your court.

*Prince,* [removing her veil.] Refuse not, but end my torture. [Kissing her hand in ecstacy.]

*Clorinda,* [aside to her sister.] Why, bless my heart, did you ever see—

*Thisbe,* [to Clorinda.] What a likeness!

*Baron.* Now if I wasn't sure that it isn't I should say it was Cinderella. The likeness is so striking it almost knocks me down.

*Cinderella.* There they are; but they cannot know me. Let me resume my confidence—may I inquire, Prince, who these amiable ladies are?

*Baron.* My amiable daughters.

*Cinderella,* [crossing to Prince.] Goodness and beauty are ever inseparable. May I be permitted to embrace them?

*Baron.* Ah, Princess, kind favor to us, strangers as we are.

*Cinderella.* Nay, I have known you long—by report.—Will you accept my friendship?

[*The Prince communes with Alidoro.*]

*Clorinda.* We shall esteem ourselves but too happy.

*Thisbe.* Delightful.

*Cinderella.* Pray receive these tokens of my partiality, and may our friendship be mutual and never cease.

[*She gives Clorinda a ring and Thisbe a pearl necklace.*]

*Clorinda.* Diamonds!

*Thisbe.* Pearls!

[*They go up.*]

*Cinderella.* My lord Baron—have you other children?

*Baron.* No, your Highness; fate has only blessed me with these lovely babies.

*Cinderella.* Then receive for yourself this respectful token.

[*Gives the Baron a ring.*]

*Baron.* Ah, lady, what a noble heart is yours! how proud must be the father who has the honor to call you his.

*Cinderella.* Alas, you are mistaken—my father disowns me.

*Baron.* Disowns you! what a brute!

## SONG—THE SKY LARK.

The world is waking into light,  
 The dark and sullen night has flown;  
 Light lives and reassumes its might,  
 And nature smiles upon her throne;  
 And the Lark—hark! the Lark!  
 She gives welcome to the day,  
 In a merry, merry lay:  
 Trill a la, la.

The morn is in the skies,  
 The reaper singeth from the corn;  
 The shepherd on the hill replies,  
 And all things now salute the morn:  
 And the Lark—hark! the Lark!  
 She gives welcome to the day,  
 In a merry, merry lay:  
 Trill a la, la.

*Enter Pedro eating.*

*Pedro.* It's running on to twelve; I wish I could get home. I have been so agreeably employed among the eatables and drinkables that I had no idea of the time passing so fast. Oh, dear, if she should have forgotten, there'll be a pretty exposure for us both! I must make her see me—Ahem!

*Prince.* Ah! what nobleman is that?

*Pedro.* Nobleman! what a sensible Prince!

*Cinderella.* Oh! 'tis only one of my suite—a worthy friend and deserving my trust. [goes to him.] Well Pedro, what would you?

*Pedro.* The pumpkin—the rat—the lizard—

*Cinderella.* I do not forget.

*Pedro.* I hope you don't, for if you should they'll never forget us.

*Prince.* Seeks he aught of importance?

*Cinderella.* No, only a partner in the dance.

*Prince.* Is it so? Lovely Clorinda, will you accept at my hands this noble stranger as a partner in the dance? Come, another merry round, and then for the banquet.

[*Dance, &c. Clock strikes twelve. Confusion, &c.*

*Prince.* Break up the dance, give o'er—half my kingdom shall be his who finds her whose foot the glass slipper fits. Tell me, do any of you know her, or whither she went?

*Baron.* Gracious Prince, I believe—

*Prince.* Say who and where she is, and be my friend forever.

*Baron.* I believe, then, my gracious Prince—nay, I am almost sure, or rather, I suspect, that nobody knows anything about her.

*Prince.* Prating fool—away! oh, I shall go distracted.

## CHORUS.

## FULL CHORUS.

Love and rage all control disobeying,  
With fierce pangs his heart now assailing,  
His ill fortune in anguish bewailing,  
What emotion ! his heart now tears.

[All retire up and are shut in.]

SCENE II. *Landscape, or view near the Palace.*

*Pedro is heard without, calling. The pumpkin rolls across.*

*Pedro.* Stop it—stop ! stop the pumpkin !

*Enter Pedro.*

*Pedro.* Stop, stop, stop—the pumpkin ! Egad, it runs like a race horse. Here's a go ; the coach returned to a pumpkin, and the horses, footmen and driver again become dandy vermin with long whiskers ! Oh, granny, granny, here's alteration and consternation with a vengeance ! I, who was lately a great lord, am now a poor footman, and instead of riding home in a splendid chariot, cheek by jole with a baroness at least, must foot it home every inch, knee deep in the mud. There goes the pumpkin round the corner like the wind. Stop it, granny, stop it. Stop——

[Exit, running.]

SCENE III.—*The Kitchen in the Baron's Palace. Cinderella discovered, seated, looking with dismay at the things.*

*Pedro.* Well, here we are again—and a pretty business we have made of it. Gad, the fairy kept her promise with us, though we were not so particular with her. Our companions, too, were more punctual ; for I see the coaches and ponies are all snugly at home again before us. Well, one good turn deserves another ; I ran all the way there before the coach, and the coach ran before me all the way back.

*Cinderella.* Oh, Pedro, my happiness made me forget my duty.

*Pedro.* It can't be helped now—we shall remember twelve o'clock when it strikes again.

*Cinderella.* But it's well our misfortunes have not been greater.

*Pedro.* Why, I don't know how it well could, except we had been turned into a couple of rabbits and cooked for supper. And have you lost all your finery Miss Cinderella, at the ball —eh ? Why, I declare, (*seeing she has but one slipper on*) No—yes one of your little glass slippers has stuck to you.

*Cinderella, (looking down.)* Is it possible !

*Pedro.* How comes the other to be gone ?

*Cinderella.* Now I remember—it came off in the ball room.

*Pedro.* How unfortunate ! We shall never get one to match it now.

*Cinderella.* Alas ! all my good fortune is forever lost.

*Pedro.* No, no, dear lady ; its only the slipper that's lost. I wish the fairy would turn me into one for your pretty foot ; I'm not very big as it is, and I am sure I should fit your foot. However, I advise you to take that one off before your father and sisters come home—though I suppose they intend to make a night of it all day long ; for it's morning already. Pray, Miss Cinderella, how did you find your way home ?

*Cinderella.* Oh, I know not ; the way seemed as if it would never end.

*Pedro.* That's exactly what it seemed to me, though I'm sure I ran as fast as any rat of 'em all. I got out just in time to see the pumpkin turning a corner, and after it I ran like a madman. Oh ! if the dear, good fairy, would but patronize us once more ! I'll just blow in the fire ; perhaps she may favor us by dropping down the chimney.

[*Blowing the fire, and singing.*

"Morning is dawning brightly, love ;  
Then prithee come down, come down."

(*Shaking his head.*) No, she won't come down.

*Baron [without.]* Pedro !

*Clorinda, [without.]* Pedro ! Cinderella !

*Thisbe, [without.]* Cinderella !

*Pedro.* There they are—let me run up stairs to them. I dare say we shall hear a fine account of ourselves.

*Cinderella.* Fortune be praised, I have preserved this token.

*Clorinda and Thisbe, [without.]* Cinderella ! Cinderella ! I say ! [Pedro runs out.

*Cinderella.* Now, then, to my sisters ; perhaps I may hear whether the Prince of my heart was pained by my flight, or if my disobedience has deprived me of his remembrance.

[*Exit.*

#### SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Baron's house.*

*Enter Clorinda, Baron and Thisbe, and followed by Pedro.*

*Baron.* What's the reason, sirrah, you were not ready to receive us ? 'Tis not so early but you might have risen three hours ago, and watched for us.

*Pedro.* I haven't risen at all to-day, master, for I never laid down—neither I nor Miss Cinderella.

*Clorinda.* Miss, indeed !

*Pedro.* I can never call her anything but Miss.

*Clorinda.* Go and call Miss, then.

*Pedro.* Poor soul, she hasn't stirred from the chimney-corner all night—no, no more than myself. Hope you enjoyed yourself at the ball-room.

*Baron.* What's that to you, you inquisitive rascal?

*Pedro.* I should have thought it likely, from all the capers you practised yesterday.

*Baron.* Begone, you impudent rascal, or a cane shall practise a caper on your head. Get out, you ugly varlet, or I shall lose all patience.

*Pedro.* Don't do that; you've so little, it would be a pity to part with it.

*Clorinda.* The Baron shall part with you, though, and a good riddance we shall have of you. Begone, and call Cinderella—Oh, here she comes!

*Enter Cinderella.*

*Pedro, (aside to her.)* My dear young lady, find out if they smoked the rats and the pumpkin.

*Cinderella.* Sisters, I was so tired; and no wonder, considering how long you have been.

*Thisbe.* Oh, if you had been at the ball, you would have been as little tired as we are. Oh, we have had gay times of it; and there came thither the fairest Princess—the most beautiful ever seen with mortal eyes.

*Cinderella.* A Princess!

*Thisbe.* Yes; and she was so taken with us, that she showed us a thousand civilities.

*Cinderella.* And pray, sister, what was the name of this Princess—this lady, I mean, Miss Thisbe?

*Thisbe.* That nobody knows; and what's more, she left the palace immediately that the clock struck twelve.

*Cinderella.* Indeed!

*Baron.* And what is more singular, my dears, it seems that the guards at the palace-gate said nobody had gone out but a young girl who looked more like a poor country wench than a gentlewoman.

*Thisbe.* The only trace they found of her was a little glass slipper, which she let fall as she hastened away.

*Cinderella.* A glass slipper!

*Clorinda.* Yes; it is the prettiest little thing—one would think it to have been worked by fairy hands.

*Enter Pedro hastily, with a proclamation.*

*Pedro.* Oh, such news, such news, such wonderful news!

*Clorinda, (hastily.)* Is the Prince come again?

*Pedro.* No, not the Prince exactly; but a royal post, and he has brought us a copy of this royal proclamation, which he says is now being proclaimed throughout the city by sound of trumpet.

*All.* A proclamation!

*Baron, (takes the paper.)* Let me see it.

*Thisbe.* No, papa, let me. There!

*Clorinda.* I'm the eldest, Miss, and must see it first. There!

*Baron.* Not before me. There!

[*All having snatched it, they tear it in three pieces, each holding up a part.*]

*Pedro.* There, there's a proclamation apiece now!

*Baron.* How now, girls—by the beards of my ancestors, I have a great mind to grow in a passion.

*Clorinda.* Well, there, sir, you shall read it first.

[*Gives her piece to the Baron.*

*Thisbe.* Yes, there, sir.

[*Gives the other piece.*

*Baron.* Read it first! how the devil am I to read it at all now? [*puts the pieces together—they assist.*] Stay, that's it.

*Pedro.* Now for it.

*Baron (reading).* Proclamation by supreme command.

*Pedro.* That's just what the royal post said.

*Baron.* Hold your peace, sirrah, (*reading.*) "We, Felix the first, ruler of this principality, do hereby make known that we will take to wife, and share our heart and throne with her whose foot shall fit the little glass slipper found at last night's ball."

*Pedro, (looking at Cinderella.)* Eh!

*Baron (reading.)* "Felix Prince. Given under our hand and seal at our palace, this—"

*Clorinda, (interrupting.)* Marry her whom the slipper will fit. (*Looks at foot.*) Let's go back directly, sir.

*Thisbe.* Oh yes, yes, let's go back, papa!

*Cinderella, (aside, with emotion.)* Have I heard rightly?

*Thisbe.* I am perfectly sure it will fit me, if a pretty foot is to carry it.

*Pedro, (aside.)* There must be nice paring down of nails, if it does.

*Clorinda.* Which is my smallest foot, Pedro?

*Pedro.* Why, that's rather a puzzling question, Miss—for I don't think one's smaller than the other—they're both a nice size.

*Clorinda.* Then you think I shall get the slipper on?

*Pedro.* I think that if you try, Miss, you'll be very likely to put your foot in it.

*Cinderella.* Dear sisters! dear sisters! pray let me go with you this time.

*Baron.* You? The girl is mad!

*Clorinda.* You? ha—ha—ha! What insolence! Perhaps you would like to try the slipper on, too?

*Thisbe.* I wonder what people would think if they were to see such a creature as you with us.

*Cinderella.* I would tell them that I was your servant, and it would be but the truth if I did.

*Baron.* I am thinking, if this curious trial should prove of no avail, what the Prince will do.

*Pedro.* Perhaps in that case he'll marry the slipper.

*Baron.* Come, let us make haste back to the palace; I am quite sure one of you will be queen—I did not dream I was an ass for nothing.

*Clorinda.* Good-by, Cinderella. Princess! Ha—ha—ha!

*Thisbe.* Adieu your highness! Ha—ha—ha!

[*Exeunt Baron, Thisbe and Clorinda.*

*Pedro,* (*mocking.*) Ha—ha—ha! The devil take your sneers.

*Cinderella.* Well, Pedro, must I stay behind them?

*Pedro.* Stay behind them? Not a minute! If you are behind any one, it shall be me; for I'll put a pilion on the blind mare, and we'll trot away after them.

*Cinderella.* Aye, but look at this shabby dress—this wretched appearance.

*Pedro.* It don't matter for your dress—all that's wanted is the length of your foot.

*Cinderella.* They will refuse me a trial.

*Pedro.* Not they, when they look in your face; only give them a smile, put out your toe, and you're sure to kick down all objections. Besides, I'll announce you myself, that I will.

*Cinderella.* Well, Pedro, I'll venture—and if the fairy disappoints me, I can but die.

*Pedro.* Die! If I know you to do such a foolish thing, I'll never forgive you. Die, indeed! Mind my prophetic words—you'll live to be a princess renowned in universal history books—such a princess as there never was before, and never will be after. But come along; put your foot—your shoe, I mean—in your pocket, and let us go. I'll put the pilion on the blind mare in a moment.

[*Exit.*

**SCENE V.—A hall in the Prince's palace—the Prince discovered seated in a chair. Slipper on a pedestal. Alidoro, with a wand, near pedestal. Dandini, lords, ladies, &c., all discovered as watching the trial of slipper.**

*Prince, [rising.]* I know not why, but my heart seems lightened of its fears since I have taken this method to discover the lovely owner of this toy ; if it fail, destroyed are my hopes.

Page enters.

*Page.* The Baron and ladies of Pompolino are in the ante-chamber.

*Prince.* Admit them.

*Enter Clorinda, Baron and Thisbe.*

*Prince.* Baron and ladies, you are welcome. We permit you, Baron, to superintend your daughters' trial.

*Baron.* Gracious Prince, that is a most flattering and considerate indulgence.

*Thisbe.* Sweet Prince, if fated by fortune my foot should fit—

*Clorinda.* Your foot, sister ? your foot is like a great—  
'Tis for me, I've no doubt, Prince, the honor is reserved.

*Prince, (coldly).* The event will show, madam.

*Baron.* Now, daughters.

*Thisbe, (runs and sits.)* I'm quite ready, Pa.

*Clorinda, [aside.]* Forward minx, she's always first.

*Thisbe.* Bless me, what a little thing it is !

*Baron, [kneeling to put it on.]* Make your foot as small as you can.

*Thisbe, [shrinking.]* Oh, dear me ! It will never go on.

*Clorinda, [exulting.]* I thought so.

*Baron.* What the plague have you got in your stocking ?

*Thisbe.* My foot ! It's too long, Pa.

*Baron.* Where the deuce is your heel ?

[He violently forces—Thisbe screams out with pain, takes her own shoe in her hand, and hobbles up.

*Thisbe.* I can't endure the pain—oh ! [Hobbles up.

*Clorinda, [triumphing.]* I knew how it would be, sister ; [curtseys to the Prince.] I'm convinced, by the size, it's just my measure. [Comes forward and sits.] Now, sir.

[The Baron, after trying to stretch the slipper, fits it on, which gives pain.]

*Clorinda.* Oh, gently Pa. Ha ! you're so awkward.

*Baron.* Awkward, indeed ! I awkward. [Tries again.

*Clorinda, [with grimace.]* Oh ! do you want to cripple me ?

*Baron.* It's worth a lame foot to be a princess. [Aloud suddenly.] There, it's on.

*Prince,* [starting up.] How?

*Baron.* I mean very nearly; all but—but the heel. (Prince sits again.) Courage, my dear.

*Clorinda,* (screams.) Oh! I can't bear it any more—the slipper's too short.

*Baron.* No, my dear, it's your foot that's too long. Confound it.

*Clorinda.* Oh! oh dear.

*Baron,* (putting slipper on stool.) If I could have known this thirty years ago, my daughters should have had Chinese feet treatment. [Alidoro takes stool to back.]

*Prince,* (aside.) Fortune, I thank thee.

*Guard,* (without.) You must not advance.

*Pedro,* (without.) Nonsense, I will advance.

*Guard.* Back, I say.

*Pedro.* I won't go back.

*Prince.* What noise is that?

*Pedro,* (without.) I'll have my say, if I die for it.

*Enter Pedro.*

*Pedro,* [kneeling.] Noble Prince—

*Alidoro.* What insolence is this? Hence!

*Prince.* What seek ye in this place, friend? rise and speak thy errand.

*Pedro.* Most wise, magnificent, extravagant and dreadful Prince, whose countenance is shocking to your subjects, and frightful to the whole world beside, you'll do well to hear me first and turn me out after.

*Baron.* May I become a commoner if it is not that villain, Pedro. What business has he here?

*Pedro,* [rising.] The business that brings me here is to try the slipper, that is, not for myself, but I ask the trial for one whose ambassador I am. She waits without for your Highness' permission to show her foot, and that's all.

*Alidoro.* Simple fool; how darest thou?

*Pedro.* Noble gentleman, I don't address myself to you, nor any creature; I speak to the throne.

*Prince.* Noble ambassador, conduct thy mistress before us.

*Pedro.* I will.

*Alidoro.* My Prince, your good nature serves but to encourage annoyance.

*Prince.* Nay, nay, my friend, hinder me not, because I am

a Prince, from acting like a man ; humanity and attention to our inferiors become all ranks.

*Prince.* Ah ! those sounds—those rapturous sounds again !  
Bitter disappointment. [Retires to a seat.]

*Cinderella,* [aside to Pedro.] Alas ! you see his looks.

*Pedro,* [aside to her.] Don't mind his looks ; consider he's a Prince.

*Olorinda.* My eyes must be enchanted—'tis Cinderella.

*Baron.* What assurance.

*Thisbe.* She shall starve for a month for this.

*Pedro.* Come, now, keep your little heart up ; I'll introduce you to him. Ahem ! Most extensive Prince, I am—I am—nobody—and all I can presume to say is—nothing. Speak, lady, and don't be afraid.

*Cinderella.* Alas ! he has forgotten these features. Mighty Prince, I have ventured into your presence to—to—

*Pedro.* Try on—

*Cinderella.* Try on—

*Pedro.* The slip—slipper, your princely Highness.

*Prince.* What, thou ! [observing her features, starts up.] Ha ! those features ! it is, thou art—Baron !

*Baron,* [runs to him.] My Prince.

*Prince.* Do you not know this female ?

*Baron.* I know—that is—I have seen—[aside to Cinderella.] I'll make you pay for this.

*Prince.* Tell me, is she not your pretty servant ?

*Pedro.* No, it's I that am his pretty servant, my lord ; but as for this sweet young—

*Baron.* Speak out, and I'll murder you.

*Prince.* Alidoro !

*Baron,* (aside to Pedro.) Be silent, and you shall be rewarded.

*Pedro.* I won't be silent—I won't be rewarded ; you killed her already yesterday, and I won't be a silent participator in such a double-distilled, murderous suicide.

*Prince,* [advancing.] Fair maiden, thou hast a lovely face, like to that vision. We grant the trial, but heaven forefend thy triumph.

*Pedro,* (aside.) Now, princely Fairy, no tricks.

[Music—Cinderella hastens to the seat, takes the slipper from Alidoro, who attends, which immediately goes on. Alidoro, having one of hers in his bosom, she produces the other. Pedro, delighted, puts it on the other foot. Fairy Queen comes from behind the Pedestal.]

**SCENE VI.—A magnificent and gorgeous scene in the palace.**

*Fairy Queen.* Mortals, behold the example of this good and beauteous child, and be assured that virtue and humility are heaven's peculiar care. My pleasing task is done. Sweet Angelina—Cinderella now no more—thou hast been humble in adversity, be modest in thy greatness.

**FINALE.**

New with grief no longer bending,  
Shall my heart neglected sigh !  
Like the lightning swiftly ending,  
Sorrow's clouds forever fly.

**CHORUS.**

Like the lightning swiftly ending,  
May our griefs forever fly.

**END OF THE OPERA.**







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